GOD IN THE COMMONPLACE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FAITH AND HISTORY

GOD IN THE COMMONPLACE

A BOOK OF PRAYERS

BY

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'PRAYERS WRITTEN FOR USE IN AN INDIAN COLLEGE'
ETC.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
For Vision	7
In Gratitude	9
The Love of Home	27
The Eternal Purpose	45
For Cleansing	55
The Way of the Cross	65
The Elder World	75

For Vision

THE strength of the mountains is His,
The joy of the swift-flowing streams,
The beauty of sunset aflame on the moorland,
The peace of the star-filled night,
The splendour of radiant dawn, and of noonday blaze on the forest:

The grace of a little child,
The love of a perfect mother,
The wisdom and skill of a father—
These, these also, are His:

As we walk through the world,
In beauty of nature,
In delight of home-love,
We feel Him, we see Him, most surely revealed:

Give us eyes, give us ears, O our Father,
To know Thy presence, Thy being, Thy truth
In these fair things Thou hast meetly ordained to reveal Thee.

IN GRATITUDE

GOODLY and generous, beyond all telling,
Are the gifts Thou hast given, our Father,
Clean, trusty, enduring are all Thy joys :

Simple love, the laughter of children,
Beauty of stars and of forest,
The splendour of losing ourselves for Thy cause
The friendship of Christ—
Christ, our Brother, our Saviour, our King,
Christ who goes with us,
Who leads us,
Who shares all our way,
Who lifts every burden.

FATHER,
We thank Thee this day for Thy sure revelation in love :

For Thy sure revelation through father-love,
For Thy sure revelation through the love of small children :

We thank Thee that thus in a true and beautiful home
Thy glory everywhere shines :

We thank Thee that here, as Christ taught us,
Are facts and relationships,
Simple and commonplace things,
Which to eyes that can see
Make known in its deathless splendour Thy nature and being,
Proving to men that Thou art,
That Thou reignest and lovest for ever :

We thank Thee for this, Thy sovereign immutable truth,
That nothing on earth can be fair, good, gracious and pure,
But that Thou Thyself, our God, art fairer and better, more gracious and pure,
Even than this,
And that so, in looking at what we know to be best,
We may say, with unswerving conviction,
" God is better than that."

FATHER,
For beauty beyond all word of forest and hill,
For long days passed in their goodly companionship,
For strenuous effort, for danger, for thirst,
For bitter weariness, scorching heat,
For all these gifts of Thy grace in the mountains,
We thank Thee :

May the beauty of streams and of trees, in their fair green setting,
Of clouds blue-black, as the rains drive steadily up,
Of league beyond league of the forest,
Of giant, thunder-rent crags, with a route to be won by the hardy—
May the beauty of this Thy wonderful open-air world
Be part, O God, of our souls :

Make us quiet, peaceful, aloof from men's mean ambitions,
Aloof from the world's intrigues, its conventions,
Aloof from its little-souled striving for ends incredibly little :

May the light of Thy forest-world, its goodliness, beauty and grace,
Shine in our hearts, even here in the city,
And make us Thine own.

FOR the inborn goodness of average men
We thank Thee, O Father, this day :

For their cheerful laughter,
For their reckless courage,
Their generous self-giving :

We thank Thee, that thus
When a pit-roof has fallen and imprisoned their comrades,
The volunteers throng from all sides,
Demanding the right to go down,
And to face a terrible death
In the effort to save :

We thank Thee that thus, O Father,
Given the chance,
Thine own inmost nature—
Self-giving love that cheerfully faces death's worst
To save its comrades—
Wells up, strong, beautiful, holy,
In even the roughest, the weakest of men.

MY God, I thank Thee this morning
For long days spent in the forest :

For the goodly friendship of trees,
Quiet, serene, enheartening :

For rushing rivers, deep in fern-shadowed ravines,
And the joy of swimming therein :

For the mountains,
Long slopes, sharp crags,
And the peaks, rich prize of achievement :

For the vision of beauty gained from their summits
Over countless leagues of the forest:

For danger and loneliness here in the forest :

For splendour of molten sunlight by day,
For silver glamour of moonlight by night :

For the endless miracle of stars :

Above all for the knowledge that Thy divine Love
Is revealed in it all, very sweetly and strongly,
That in mountain, stream, forest and stars,
Thou strippest the mantle of darkness away from
our eyes,
And givest them power to see :

For these marvellous gifts of Thy forest,
I thank Thee, I thank Thee, my God.

VANQUISHED and weary
My soul flies for refuge to Him :

My trust is feeble and flickering,
My courage is gone,
My faith and my zeal are dried up :

Nought bring I to Him,
No work well done in His name,
No prospect of triumph to come,
No valorous deeds for His Kingdom :

My service is useless and base—
Truth, stark truth,

He knows it, I know it— :

Yet I come :

And I know,
By the father-heart in myself,
By my own poor weak-souled love for my children,
By my own abounding and exquisite joy in their presence,
By my thankful delight to have them at all
(Apart, worlds apart, from all thought of what they have done for me)—

By all this I know
That He will not reject :

He will take me and comfort me, heal me, rejoice in me,
Love me, and keep me with Him
For ever.

THE beauty of God shines forth in His world:

Mountain and forest,
The countless hosts of the stars,
The wind on the lake,
Moonlight and sunlight,
The warm summer rain—
All these, and a thousand other such words of Thy grace
Proclaim aloud unto men Thy generous love:

And here in our home,
In this home Thou hast given and fashioned, O Father,
May Thy splendour shine forth:

May our life together reveal Thee, extol Thee,
May our home be Thy home,
Wherein very surely abiding
Thou mayst work out Thy will unfettered,
Forging a tool for Thy Kingdom,
Invincible, perfectly fitted unto Thy hand.

FOR Thy infinite mercy and love
We thank Thee and praise Thee this day,
O our Father:

For the wide open air,
For the silver moonlight,
For the strength and glory of sunlight,
For the freedom and joy of the wind,
For the beauty of shimmering leaves,
For the simple gladness of birds,
For the sombre and desolate moorland,
For the silent forest,
For the wide and radiant sea:

For all these gifts of Thy splendour and grace
We give Thee our thanks and our praise:

And above all else
We thank Thee, our God,
For home love.

LITTLE son,
Flowerlet straight-transplanted from heaven
to earth,
Thou pure white lily of love,
Welcome, right welcome art thou:

Not for aught thou mayst do or become—
Far away be any such thought—
But just for thyself, as thou art
In thy simple and innocent beauty,
Thou revealer of God's pure being,
We welcome thee, son,
And we give unto God our thanks for thy being.

FATHER,
For all this simple and perfect delight
Wherewith Thou fillest our lives,
Thy name be praised:

For beauty, for love,
For children's companionship, merry and gleeful,
For sweet child-prayers before sleep,
For simple communion of clean child-souls with Thyself,
For strong home-peace, home-rest in Thee,
For Thy presence, Thy peace in our home,
O Father, our Father, Thy name be mightily praised.

FATHER, I thank Thee this day
For Thy fair revelation in childhood:

I thank Thee for children's companionship,
Innocent, joyful and lovely:

I thank Thee for childhood's trustful dependence,
For simplicity, purity, grace unconscious and perfect:

I thank Thee that dwelling close to a child,
And striving to love him aright,
We dwell at Thy side,
Learning from Thee the way of Thy Kingdom,
And how we must be ourselves, if we wish to be dwellers therein:

I thank Thee, O God, for these little children of Thine
That bear, clear marked on their brows,
The sign of their Home:
That walk through the world, in weakness,
Heralds of Thy true nature,
Stalwart forerunners of Thy great day that shall be,
When all men shall know, and shall prove in their lives,
" Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

WE thank Thee, our God,
That from all whom we meet,
From each human heart upon earth,
Though foolish and mean and debased,
We may learn—if we seek the knowledge
In patience, friendliness, love—
Something of Thee,
Some new revelation, clear and resplendent
(Though to eyes that are dimmed by the world
Hidden and hard to perceive)
Of Thyself,
Some news of Thee, which shall cause us to know
Thee better,
To love Thee more as Thou art.

Yet, thanking Thee, Lord, for all this,
We thank Thee still more
For all that Thou showest our souls of Thyself
In those Thou hast graciously called us to love,
And to guard and to work for and care for,
In Thy highest, most marvellous gift
Of a home.

HERE as I waken,
My soul looks up unto Thee,
Looks up and finds—
All the love that my mother gave me,
All my father's wise and comradely strength:

All this is perfect in Thee,
All this, and unspeakably more,
Bends down and bestows on my wakening soul
Its morning caress:

When This is the centre of all that is,
When This is the meaning of life,
When This is the truth underlying the worlds,
This simple, eternal, invincible Love,
How shall my soul not be confident, gallant and glad?

Father, establish my soul in this love,
And make me the man I should be, as Thy child

FATHER,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of freedom,
We thank Thee that Thou dost give us liberty
To make our lives, or mar them:
And, greater marvel still,
To make or mar the lives of others:

We thank Thee that not as pampered children dost
Thou direct and overrule us:
But, trusting us as men,
Thou givest us the right,
For better or for worse,
To use our wills, and act as we shall choose:

We thank Thee that Thou dost not force us to
Thy service,
But givest us the liberty to take our stand
Against Thee, if we will, or on Thy side:

Teach us, we pray, to use aright
This gift of Thine, most glorious, most terrible,
This gift of freedom.

ALL that my soul has need of
Art Thou, O Christ:

Peace in confusion and hurry,
Strength in exceeding weakness,
Resolution in doubt,
Courage in timidity,
Authority in aimlessness,
Command, and an iron purpose,
In vacillation and folly:

Love art Thou in loneliness,
Joy in monotony,
Hope in despair,
Health in sickness of soul,
Beauty in baseness,
Purity in filth,
Life in death,—

This, all this, O Christ,
Art Thou,
My Saviour, my Lord, my God.

THE LOVE OF HOME

WE thank Thee, O God,
That from each human heart we learn something of Thee,
Yet Thine own revelation of love
Comes to us thus most surely and plainly
In those Thou hast graciously called us to love,
And to guard, and to work for,
In Thy highest, most marvellous work of creation,
A home:

We thank Thee, O God, for the knowledge of Thee
Which is given so fully and mightily unto our souls
In the sweet strong love of wife and of child,
In simplicity, graciousness, peace,
Delight in beauty, in laughter, in joy,
Love unforced and abundant,
Deep as the ocean, stronger than death,
Patience, tenderness, hope.

In these manifestations of Thee and Thy nature,
And in all the home-gifts, beyond these,
For which no tongue shall ever find words,—
In all this realm of heavenly truth
Lived out through quiet and humble lives, so close to our own,
O God, whose name be eternally praised for Thy love,
Thou art very perfectly shown to our souls:

We thank Thee, we thank Thee, our God,
We thank Thee for this revelation,
This daily, unconscious, most perfect and pure revelation,
Of Thyself,
In home and home-love.

FOR this luscious and joyful sound,
A child's low chuckle of delight,
I thank Thee, Father-God:

The stars shall burn away,
The heavens slip and change:

Our own small lives shall be forgotten utterly:

Mankind shall vanish from the earth,
Our earth itself shall cease to be:

Yet in Thy heart, dear Father-God,
Shall ring safe-treasured unto all eternity,
This sweet and perfect word of grace and joy,
A child's low chuckle of delight:

Thou, even Thou,
Hast made this lovely thing,
This beauty beyond word or thought,
Thy own creative act it is, our Father-God.

Thanks be to Thee, thanks be to Thee.

IN these children—a fountain of beauty and joy—
I behold the future,
And I know, with a deep incontestable certainty
That this present exists for that future,
That man must labour and pray, with unflagging devotion,
For a better, a fairer, more beautiful future,
Wherein God's will shall be perfectly done:

Our lives are never our own:
We owe them to those who have gone before,
And have laboured and prayed for ourselves:
We owe them to those who come after
That they may have powers of Christlikeness
More full by far than our own:

Therefore, day after day,
O Father of Love,
We lay in Thy hands these dear ones, Thy gift most precious, most perfect,
Praying Thy guidance, Thy wisdom, Thy strength,
Thy richest of blessing,
Thy Love, to abound in their lives for ever.

FATHER,
We thank Thee this day just for this,
That Thou art what Thou art:

For in this are all problems solved,
All pains are assuaged,
All love, all beauty, all joy,
Are supremely revealed:

We thank Thee, our God, for this—
That Thou art, in goodness, tenderness, love,
What father and mother were in our childhood:

For though Thou art better, more loving by far,
Thou art this:
And this, O Lover divine, is all that our souls can grasp:

We thank Thee for this—
That Thou art, in beauty and joy,
What a little child is:

For though Thou art fairer, more joyful by far,
Thou art this,
And this, O Splendour divine, is all that our souls can grasp:

Teach us, our God, day by day,
To think out afresh the meaning, for all mankind, in all ages,
Of these Thine incredible truths,
That Thou lovest as they loved, father and mother,
That Thy beauty and joy are even as this small child.

KEEP them to-day, these children, close in Thy care,
Dear Father of love:

Be Thou unto them a Father indeed:

Small as they are,
May each detail of everyday joy,
Each caress,
Each tenderness shown by their parents,
Each word of wisdom or courage,
Each impulse of joy, of beauty, of grace,
Be a message direct to their souls from Thy heaven,
Be a sure revelation, dear Father-God, of Thyself:

Thus in simple spontaneous ways,
Build up in these white child-souls
A body of witness, founded in joyful experience,
Which some day shall kindle and burn—
A radiant flame, giving light far around—
Unto this Thine ineffable knowledge,
That Thou, O our God, art such tenderness, beauty and love,
Such strength, courage, wisdom and joy,
Aye, and a thousand times more.

TAKE in Thy fatherly charge this day,
God of Love,
These gifts of Thine own,
These stars of beauty and joy,
These mighty prophets of Thy pure Being,
These little children:

Guard them from harm,
Keep them healthy in body,
May they grow day by day in all goodly beneficent powers
Of mind and of soul:

May their beauty, their innocent, heart-whole delight,
Never grow less:

May they keep, all their lives, this marvellous gift Thou hast given,
This power of showing, unknown to themselves, but with radiant splendour,
Here in the midst of a darkened and weary world
The Light divine of Thy heaven.

WITH grace and with love
Be present, O Christ, in our home this day,
Be incarnate here:

Impart unto us, we pray Thee,
Through this Thy best and Thy highest gift, home-love,
The sacrament, perfect and pure,
Of Thine own eternal life:

Be expressed and revealed in our home:
Make it, in every way,
Through each least word, each trifling action,
A herald of Christ to needy humanity:

Guard it, O Master, now and for ever
From all stain of wrong,
All words of slander or shame,
All failure of love,
All hasty and selfish action:

Make it perfect, this home, in Thyself.

HANDS aloft,
Small legs twinkling fast,
With clamorous cries for Daddy,
My two-year-old comes scampering in:

Aye, son,
Whatever work thy Daddy may be doing,
It shall be dropped, for thee,
For this joy of a space in thy presence,
For a leap into childhood again, with thee:

Father, I thank Thee, I thank Thee,
For this herald straight from Thyself,
Bearing the badge of Thy royal service
Set so plain on his face and his form:

For this grace, I thank Thee, this abounding joy,
This trust, this innocent whiteness,
This sweet and simple humility:

For all this wealth of Thy presence and power
Revealing Thyself, O Thou King of all worlds,
I thank Thee.

WE thank Thee, our Father, this day
For the knowledge of Thee which is ministered unto our souls
In the sweet strong love of wife and of child:

We thank Thee that here is summed up,
In home love,
All the best and most heavenly things in the world—
Simplicity, graciousness, peace,
Delight in beauty and laughter,
Joy overflowing,
Patience, tenderness, hope,
Love unforced and abundant,
Deep as the ocean, stronger than death:

For these matchless portrayals of Thee,
Lived out in quiet and beautiful lives
So close to our own,
Showing Thee plain to our souls,
We thank Thee, we thank Thee, our Father:

We thank Thee for this, Thy sure revelation of truth,
This daily, unconscious, most perfect and pure revelation,
Of Thyself,
In our home.

ON all small children
Pour out Thy Spirit,
O Father,
In fullest, most gracious blessing this day:

Hold them near to Thyself,
Save them from danger and wrong,
Keep them close to Thy heart of love,
Make them heralds, in all Thy world,
Of Thy grace unto men.

We thank Thee that Christ Himself
Drew from these little ones comfort and strength,
Saw in their simple and innocent beauty
The final ideal of man's true nature,
Used them as tools for His Kingdom,
Revealing through them God's will for mankind.

LORD CHRIST,
Be present this day in our home,
To bless, to perfect, each action, each word,
To build up herein, out of all Thy world,
One single spot where Thy will of love is perfectly done,
Thy Kingdom of love is perfectly come,
Thy ideal of love for all human life
Fully and spotlessly realised:

Nought else but perfection, utter, entire,
Do we pray for, this day:

And we know, O our Master, that this is Thy will,
That here at least in Thy world should be perfect love:

Then in confidence, Master, we claim
The fulfilment here of Thy promise this day.

WE render to Thee once more,
O our Father,
This precious gift Thou hast given,
This love Thou hast set in our home:

Make it, we pray Thee,
Perfect for ever
In Thee:

Grant that, through weal or through woe,
Year in, year out,
This love may grow from strength unto strength,
In radiance ever more fair,
In self-giving ever more joyful,
In a sacred union of heart and of mind, ever more pure and divine,
Through Thyself,
Through Thy indwelling life in our hearts.

LORD of the little children,
For our child,
For this little life we pray Thee to-day,
Which may mean so much for Thy Kingdom:

Yet Thou lovest it, Lord,
Not for aught it may do, may become,
But just for itself, as it is:

Weak, mindless as yet,
To Thee, as to us, it is precious and lovely
Beyond all telling, just for itself.

MAY Thy glory shine through this life Thou hast given,
Father of love:

Make him a fountain of beauty and grace,
Of love and of joy, for Thee:

Fill him with all Thy abundance,
Grasp him and mould him,
Perfect him unto Thyself:

Make him strong to defy, in Thy name,
Tyranny, arrogance, shame:

May he show forth Thy splendour, O God,
Far and wide through Thy world:

May he who is yet so weak,
Whose days are yet but a score,
Strike gallant blows, all his life long, for Thy Kingdom.

SEND down Thy Spirit of love and of grace,
O Master divine,
On this little home-group to-day:

Here are we met in Thy name,
Mother, father and child:

Here are we met to offer our hearts to Thyself,
And this new little life Thou hast given:

Take us, protect us, use us this day
For Thy Kingdom,
Fulfilling within us, O Christ,
The promise Thou gavest for two and for three.

FATHER,
From Thee each family
In heaven and on earth
Derives its nature and its name:

From Thee all love has come,
In Thee it holds its being,
For Thou art Love:

Hallow this richest gift of Thine,
Home-love,
Perfect it now, we pray,
Till in this little home
Thy Kingdom fully comes
On earth at last.

THE ETERNAL PURPOSE

IN all the universe
There is one Fact,
And one alone,
That God is Father:

In that one Fact is meaning given
To life and death,
To circling planets and remotest stars:

The whole immense economy of space and time
Is built for this alone,
This revelation of a Father-heart
To those for whom the worlds were made
That some day they might know themselves His children:

Dare, dare, my soul, to trust that Fact,
To launch thyself anew upon the world
As knowing That,
To dwell, as knowing That, within Thy Father's house:

Dare only this, my soul,
To lean back restfully in those strong Father-arms,
To gaze up trustfully to that dear Father-face,
And lord art thou, my soul, of life and death,
Of time and space, for Him,
Because He loveth thee.

FOR this, our God, we thank Thee—
For this, the perfect fruit of all Thy labour in creation,
For this, wherefor the worlds were made,
The stars set circling in their courses,
The long and slow and arduous ascent begun
Up from the earliest speck of life,
Up from the reptile and the brute to man:

For this, wherein we see foreshadowed clear
Thy ultimate ideal for mankind:

For this home-joy,
This humble service graciously fulfilled
And crowned with love's most pure and radiant splendour,
For this Thy perfect gift Thy name be praised.

FATHER,
As thus our gaze looks backward on Thy building of the earth—
A thousand million years of patient slow endeavour,
A constant struggle upward, wherein life,
Sore scourged on every hand by cruel foes,
Has fought its way from lower forms to higher
And now at last to knowledge of Thyself:

As thus we gaze on Christ,
On Christ who wore a human body like our own, a human brain,
Yet knew Thee perfectly and showed Thy inmost nature fully forth:

As, Father, thus we gaze,
On time incredibly extended,
On suffering incredibly intense and long,
On progress won at such a fearful cost,
On Christ's stark Cross—
And all
That we now briefly, at the crest of time,
May know Thy deepest heart of Father-love—

Thus humbly kneeling, drinking in that Love,
Amazed, adoring, shamed to nothingness,
We give our hearts to Thee again.

MASTER divine,
Christ, our Saviour, our King,
Christ, who art perfect Love,
And therefore art perfect God:

Christ who art God,
God toiling and dying in human flesh
To show us Himself, to save us from death, from the death of the beasts:

Christ, who art all the way on
Perfect ideal for man of all man should be,
Perfect example for man of how, at last in a human life,
God's Spirit and nature,
Which is courage, humility, beauty, truth, love,
Can fully abide:

Christ, who art crown of God's infinite toil in creation,
Who at last wast a Man,
Fruit of the years beyond counting of slow evolution:

Christ, who art all of this,
And yet unspeakably more:

Christ, our Redeemer, our God,
Take us and use us this day for Thy Kingdom.

O FATHER,
As thus we kneel in silence, e'er the dawn,
Children at Thy dear knee,
The bright and generous spaces of eternity
Are opened wide before us:

We see, we see,
In clearest and most radiant simplicity
We see the issues of man's life and death,
The purpose of Thy slow laborious working in creation,
The meaning of Thy swift unconquerable love:

The barriers fall back around us,
In a moment they have vanished, and are gone:

We see, we see;
We know why Thou hast set us here,
Why we have life—so brief a gleam in darkness,
Yet like a lightning-flash among the hills
Revealing clear-cut, strong and beautiful,
The ramparts of Thy love around us:

O Father,
Still in our souls their restlessness,
Their mean self-serving,
Their petty cares,
And teach us, day by day,
Silently to know, and taste, and dwell within Thy Love.

MAKE known Thy love this day,
Thou Lover of mankind:

Deep in the mind of man,
Far though the earth,
Reveal Thy beauty:

Shine through these mists that close us in,
Thou glory of eternal loveliness:

Still Thou this day the hearts of men
Into a ceaseless quest for Thee,
An ardent yearning that in following Thy will
They may partake Thy nature:

O Lover, deathless and unchanging,
Thou art the only answer to man's need,
Thy beauty and Thy goodness
Must shine through earth,
To change it from the hell man's lust and greed
have made
Unto Thy heaven:

So shine,
O Christ-like God,
So shine this day.

BE strong this day,
O God of purity,
In this Thy stained and sordid world,
And in this feeble heart of mine:

Be strong to work Thy will,
To build up likeness of Thyself,
To mould from man's gross clay
The image of Thy Beauty,
To sound through man's forced, mirthless laughter
Thy Joy eternal,
To flash through man's thick gloom
Thy Light divine,
Through all man's hate
To show Thy Love:

Here is this heart, dear God,
A blunted, broken tool,
Yet Thine,
Given to Thee afresh this day,
That Thou mayst use it, useless though it be,
In this Thy radiant, deathless task,
The revelation of Thy Love.

TO the least, most doubtful strivings of my heart to Him
Infallibly, He will respond:

He waits,
Most patiently He waits:

My wantonness, my folly,
My thousand petty hurryings,
Delay and still delay the meeting of my puny, wizened love
With His wide-hearted, universal Love—
That Love which, though it is for ever and for all,
Is yet, in fullest splendour and in might eternal,
Focused on each small soul that will receive:

Yet, though I thus delay,
He waits:

And now, O Father, very joyfully,
Yet shamed at my delay,
I come, I take:

O dearest, loveliest,
Forgive my sin in keeping Thee thus heartlessly await,
Thou knowest all:

I come, I come at last,
To claim in worthlessness Thy gift ineffable,
Thyself.

FOR CLEANSING

IN paralysing weakness,
In shame and inefficiency and sloth,
In deepest self-disgust,
We come to Thee, Thou God of beauty and of truth:

Grant us Thy cleansing power this day:

Breathe through our grossness
The Spirit of Thy purity:

Breathe through our meanness
The Spirit of Thy generous self-giving:

Breathe through our falsehood
The Spirit of Thy bright sincerity:

Breathe through our ugliness of soul
The Spirit of Thy deathless beauty:

Rejuvenate, Thou God of youth,
Illuminate, Thou God of Light,
Restore, Thou God who makest all things new,
Revive, Thou God of Life eternal:

Thou God of Love, dear Father-God,
Fill us this day with love for Thee Thyself,
With love for all the souls that Thou hast made.

FATHER,
When the burden and heat hang heavy upon us,
When no relief may be found,
But only one continuing weariness:

When life and hope seem dead,
When our souls are wizened and mean,
When no impulse of generous goodness seems still left alive,
But only a fleshly longing for coolness and quiet and rest:

When life holds no meaning:

When nought remains of ideals,
But only a desperate struggle:

When our thought and our hope are tied down to this,
The fight to get through, by any means that we can,
Each day's long nightmare of heat and of work:

When the nights are a tossing, sweating inferno,
Sand-storm swept,
A horror of sleepless, brain-racking torture:

Then, O our God, when we least expect it,
When the soul has withered and perished within us,
There cometh—O grace beyond word or thought—
The touch of Thy hand,
The knowledge that here in the heat Thou art with us,
The sweet assurance, the speechless delight,
Of Thy presence in love,
The breath—O incredible blessing—
Of coolness and rest in Thyself.

BE strong to-day,
Dear God,
In our exceeding weakness:

Be wise
In our exceeding folly:

Be beautiful amidst our grossness:
Be true through all our falsity:

May these our lives,
So broken and so stained,
Be mirrors of Thy love:

And, as the sun,
From one misused and shattered mirror,
If only it be turned aright to him,
Can flash a message which means life or death
Across a trackless waste, where foes abound,
So may our lives, in all their incompleteness,
Be turned aright to flash Thy glory
Far through Thy world this day.

TEACH us, our Father, to pray for others:
Teach us to hold them before Thee:
Teach us to lift up their souls in our arms,
And present them to Thee,
With earnest desire, and love unfeigned,
That Thy Spirit may grasp their lives,
May fill them with power and joy,
May win them unto Thyself:

O Father of love,
May our lives be lived for Thee and for others:
May self sink away, recede, be forgotten,
May we love in deed and in truth these other souls—
Our children, our dear ones, our friends,
And all mankind to the ends of the earth:

May we live for them only,
That these others may know Thy full joy,
May learn Thy ineffable beauty, Thy love:

Teach us, day after day,
Thus to bear up their souls before Thee.

IN weakness I bring unto Thee this day,
O Thou who art Strength:

In folly I bring unto Thee this day,
O Thou who art Wisdom:

In anxiety, harassment, care, I bring unto Thee this day,
O Thou who art Peace:

In desperate need I bring unto Thee this day,
O Thou who art perfect Fulfilment of needs:

In doubt I bring unto Thee this day,
O Thou who art Sure:

In sloth and neglect I bring unto Thee this day,
O Creator and Worker divine:

In barren-souled emptiness, Fountain of Grace,
I bring unto Thee this day:

In lovelessness, Lover supreme,
I bring unto Thee this day:

In eager thirst for Thyself,
Thou Assuager of thirst,
I bring unto Thee this day.

AS the mists of sleep roll back,
And here in the radiant dawn of another day
We come unto Him,
We know once again that safety and peace are around us,
That in life and death
Nought of harm can come near us,
Because we have Him:

And we know once again
Why we were made—
That through life and death cleaving close to His side
We may work out His will of love for mankind:

Our love is faithless and craven,
Nothing does it accomplish for Him,
We fulfil not the ends of our being,
We cleave not to Him,
Nor do we work out His will:

Day after day empty-handed we come to His knee:

Yet always His love unfailing enfolds us,
His patience, His care is for ever around us:

O Father beloved,
In shame, yet rejoicing,
We thank Thee, we thank Thee,
As we come for Thy love once again.

MASTER,
Forgive, we pray Thee, our folly,
Our utter weakness, our fatuous pride, our baseness
of heart and of motive:

Reclothe us to-day in Thy wisdom, Thy strength,
Thy humble self-giving,
Thy wide and generous Spirit:

Teach us to live for Thee and our fellows,
Forgetting ourselves:

Make us quiet, peaceful, content:
Save us from serving ourselves:
Steep us, all the day long,
In the quiet strength of Thy presence.

O HEART of comfort and love,
Heart holy and pure,
High, omnipotent, perfect,
Yet close to my own poor heart,
Strong and wise as a father,
Tender and helpful as a mother,
Knowing my every need,
Eager to give me Thy best:

O Heart of the Christlike God,
Beat through me Thy life this day:

Mould me to Thy true pattern,
Purge me, Father and Friend,
Perfect by Thy highest standard,
My broken attempts after right:

Here is my life,
Gathered and centred, a sordid gift,
For Thee:

Thine is this life, O my God,
Thine to use,
Thine to wear out in the using:

Take it again this day,
Use it, to bring in Thy Kingdom,
And to show unto men, a little,
Thy splendour of love.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

IN the hurry of work
When my mind is distraught and fevered,
When each duty that needs to be done,
Each person claiming my service,
Seems an insupportable burden:

Then, ah then, His quiet and comforting strength
is around me:

He knoweth my need,
In Christ He hath borne it, this burden, Himself,
The pressing importunate crowds,
The body that fails to answer the spirit's call,
The confusion, the haste,
The staleness of soul,
The weariness, day after day more acute:

He knows,
He has suffered it all,
He has trodden this way, has my Master:

And now will I greatly rejoice
That He calls me to tread it with Him,
For this is the way of His Cross.

IN the depth of weakness and failure,
When a man knows well that his life is spent vainly,
In the break-up of bodily health,
In weariness past all count,
In slackness of soul,
In the insupportable burden of heavy monotonous labour,
In all such desperate need,
There, ah there, Saviour-God,
When we perish for Thee,
Thou wilt hold us safe in Thy grasp:

Thou wilt not forsake us, Thy maimed and profitless servants,
Thy blunted, unusable tools:

Deeper than all our pain,
Deeper than weakness and sorrow and failure,
Deeper than life and death,
Staunch, faithful and strong, sufficient for every need,
Dwells the one great Fact,
Serene in the world eternal, beyond these shadows,
Thy love.

THE secret things of our hearts
He knoweth:

The hidden shame,
The craven impulse,
The baseness of motive, which we ourselves scarce suspect:

The faint aspiration for good,
The swift-dying ardour for beauty and truth,
The fickle-souled love for Himself:

He knoweth them all.

Within us His Spirit labours,
Never despairing,
For ever alert to strengthen the good, to combat the evil,
Building in patient love
A character day after day a little more like to His own:

Always, with baffling weakness,
We frustrate His ends:

Yet always, in weariless love,
Steadfast and sure His salvation pursues us
Unto the end—Himself.

THROUGH life and death
Those who have known Him
Dwell safely, held in His love:

Weakness and pain,
Unworthiness, folly, neglect—
Nought can drive Him away, nought can tire His love:

That love, unhasting and patient,
Besieges us still and for ever:

When in shuddering horror
We doubt, and with reason too good,
Our power to keep by His side,
To fulfil His standards,
To be worthy at all of His love,
He is holding us close all the time:

He is ever the same,
Ever mighty in love for His foolish children:

And not upon us,
Thanks be to Him,
Not on our own puny efforts, our own swift-vanishing zeal,
Not on our own stained purity hangs our salvation,
But on Him:

Do we cling to a Cross amidst tearing winds and battering waves ?
Nay, we are held secure
In our Father's arms.

IN time of pain,
O Christ, who for us didst bear, and dost ever bear,
The fiercest and bitterest agony,
In time of pain grant us Thy courage and patience:

Give us grace to bear and be strong,
To rejoice that we carry one corner, at least,
Of Thy dolorous Cross—
Of that Cross which is still, unto Thee,
Eternal pain in redemption,
But to us
Hope, safety and joy,
Life undying in Thee.

FROM this dark pit of pain,
O suffering, immortal Christ,
We cry to Thee:
And we are brave once more:

We may not know
The meaning of this mystery,
This aching empty darkness,
Wherein we wander to and fro distractedly;
But we have Thee:

Thy care, Thy love,
Is instant to our succouring, is swift
To rescue and to soothe, is strong
To speed our footsteps when the way is rough and hard,
Is mighty to uplift
Our bruised and broken lives from briar and slough.

Who can redeem
Our shameful, stumbling uselessness but Thou?

O Christ, our Christ, our King,
Despairing, fainting, vanquished, pain-distraught,
In joy of Thee exultant will we sing,
And make our desert-way melodious with Thy praise,
Who hast through pain, in pain, our soul's redemption wrought:

Lo, in our utmost need,
In weakness desperate, in anguish past all word,
We shall be strong; for Thou, our Christ, our God,
Didst bear the tenfold agony
For us.

FATHER, we pray Thee this day
For all who are torn and in anguish
Through physical pain:

We pray Thee that staunch in their minds
May abide the thought of Christ's Cross:

Hour by hour
May they cling to that Cross:

As the pain goes through them,
May they know in deed and in truth
That Christ shares with them the worst,
That Thou, O our Father, in Christ
Hast suffered the bitterest pain,
And suffered for us,
Not standing aloof from our need,
But—Lord of all worlds though Thou art—
Restless and ill at ease
Till at last Thou hadst pierced to the lowest depths
Of the anguish which rends mankind:

May that Cross to-day, our Father,
Be strength and stay for all who labour in pain.

FOR all deep-wounding thrusts of grief and pain,
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day:

We thank Thee that these bitter griefs
But drive us close to Thee,
To grasp Thy hand of love the harder:

We thank Thee that they teach us but more clearly
The closeness of Thy father-care,
That gives and gives eternally
Its best to man:

Through grief we thank Thee that we know Thee more,
And feel Thy perfect love more closely round us.

THE ELDER WORLD

WE are compassed about by God:
We have but to stretch out a hand,
To be ready to have Him,
To yield to His will,
And the bonds of this narrow life that we live
Are broken away:

Forth from our cage we step,
To the Elder World,
Where beauty and love, joy, goodness and power
Are summed up in Him,
Who is All in all:

In the silence
Our naked souls stand forth,
Worthless, yet precious to Him:

Shame holds down our eyes,
Yet we lift them at last,
And we say—
" Lover, Who diedst for me,
Here am I come unto Thee,
Who lovedst me so,
Who gavest up splendour and power and life
Even for me:
Take me, O Master, O King,
A valueless gift,
But Thine own."

THE days flash past:
The months, the years, at headlong pace,
Are here, are gone again:

Swiftly we speed towards the end—
Nay, towards Thee, our God, towards our City
and our Home:

As waters hasten to a gulf,
With ever-quickening pace of smooth resistlessness,
So draw our souls to Thee:

And, as the End looms daily nearer,
More swiftly and more swiftly flies our course:
Gone in a moment are the passing shores,
With pace impetuous we rush to Thee:

Receive us, O our God, receive us now,
That death may be the perfect opening
Of Life in Thee, long lived on earth,
Now realised in full at last
Within Thy City.

THROUGH all the ages
Men strive for the City of God:

With burning vision the Prophet perceives it afar,
And lays down his life that the City may come upon earth:

The Thinker is won by its glory,
And builds that ideal City, with patient and skilful love,
In a wonderful book:

The Believer discerns it descending from heaven to earth,
And fixed at last amongst men:
His heart cleaves in joy to the King of the City,
And for His fair sake he builds, day by day,
Its living stones:

The City is there—a marvellous Thought of our God—
An Idea in heaven, perfect, joyful and pure:

The City is here amongst men, being built in each of a million lives,
Ever present, ever to come:

They shine, its cloud-capped towers, its radiant palaces,
On the distant sunny slopes of the hills of God:
Yet in a moment the childlike in spirit may dwell therein and be glad:

City of hope, wherein even now we hold converse
With all faithful souls, of all ages, who have lived and worked for thy building,
We would dwell in thee now, with Thy King;
Here are our lives for Thy building.

SHINE through the mists of our mortality,
Thou Light of the eternal day:

Reveal to us, who see so dimly here,
Who grope so painfully through murky gloom,
Who lie so whelmed in narrow-souled and profitless
activity,
Who stifle in this hurrying futility of doing—
Reveal to us the splendour and the peace
Of that true world, our Home:

Assuage our wounded, restless spirits,
With Thy strong, deep, creative restfulness:

Teach us to live, not here, but there,
A life sure-founded in the peace of heaven:

Subdue our false loquaciousness,
Fill all our being, day by day,
With Thy clear silence.

BEYOND man's life and death,
Beneath our feverish and motiveless activity,
Behind this radiant curtain of the world,
There lieth love, joy, peace, in God:

To him who will be silent,
Who, breaking loose, however briefly, from all action
Returneth inwardly to Truth,
There cometh knowledge, effortless, ineffable,
Of that which is:

In wind-tost trees,
In thick-sown stars at night,
In rain and sun upon the hills,
Abiding silently, that man shall meet the Truth:

And knowing living Truth around him everywhere,
Enkindling all this common world to deathless glory,
Holding him close in fellowship that faileth never,
Empowering him to selfless and redemptive service,
He knoweth Love,
He knoweth God.

DEEP in the heart of God they dwell,
Those our beloved, the blessed souls,
Who in this life showed Christ abroad,
Who strove through weary years
To lighten grief and to bring in His Kingdom:

Even here on earth
They dwelt in Him:

His Spirit burned within their souls,
Their lives were sealed and marked by His own character,
He shone through them in God-revealing love for men:

And now in Him their souls have perfect joy,
They know each other wholly, see the truth,
Gaze backward, forward through the stream of time,
And by His Spirit's life
Live radiantly in Him, eternally:

In Him, in Him alone,
Who now is all their life,
The silent adoration of our souls,
Through Godward aspiration, deep and living prayer,
May know them still.

UNITE us, we pray Thee, our God,
In Thyself,
With these Thy blessed dead,
From whom in this life
Our spirits drank in, through long years,
Comfort and joy,
Strength, courage, the knowledge of Thee:

Safe in Thine own blest presence,
Beholding the Vision unclouded of ultimate Truth,
Shining in deathless beauty,
Thou holdest them, Father, close to Thyself:

O make us worthy—in anguish we cry to Thee—
Make us worthy of this Thy high calling:

Pour out upon us a little, base though we be,
A little of their pure spirit:

Grant that to us, in our groping and grovelling
weakness,
Still, as for long years past since the day of our birth,
They may minister, gracious and lovely,
The things of heaven,
Revealing Thyself to our souls.

FATHER, we thank Thee that those who have lived for Thee
Die not,
But go straight to Thy presence:

We thank Thee that, living in Thee,
They enrich with their love Thy divine Love itself:
So that we who are left on the earth
May think of Thy beauty and tenderness bearing within it for ever
Their beauty perfected, their tenderness better than mind can conceive:

We thank Thee that all true goodness on earth
Is a revelation of Thee,
We thank Thee that death slays Thee not,
But that these divine things,
Love, gentleness, sympathy, beauty, joy, truth,
Which here we have so loved so well in these souls Thou hast taken,
Return to their fountain and source in Thyself:

We thank Thee that thus our spirits' communion with Thee
Bears with it communion with them:

Since in Thee dwells for ever all that they were, whom we loved.

LOWER and fainter beats the pulse of life:
Soon shall my soul fare forth,
Naked, alone,
Into the searching brilliance of Thy Truth, my God:

I fear,
Ah God, I fear:—

Nay, now at last I will be glad,
For self-deception purged away,
Naked at last I face the truth:
I face, O Christ, Thyself.

Nay, very trustingly,
I run to Thee, my Truth—
I hide my trembling nothingness in Thee,
My All:

Thou takest me:
Never wilt Thou rebuff:
Thou, O my Christ, my King,
Thou takest *me*,
This thing of baseness, shame and treachery,
This, even this, Thou wilt accept,
Wilt own and welcome *this*;

O Christ, my Christ,
No fear appals me, as the ebbing breath
Grows slow, so soon to cease;

For I have Thee eternally,
My Lover and my King,
And Thou hast me.

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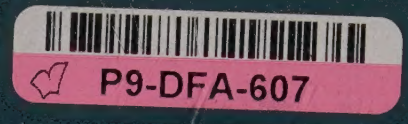
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